

The second part of

My Lord Northumberland wil soone be could.

King. O God that one might reade the booke of fate,
And see the reuolution of the times,
Make mountaines leuell, and the continent
Weary of solide firmenesse melt it selfe
Into the sea, and other times to see,
The beachie girdle of the ocean,
Too wide for Neptunes hips, how chances mockes,
And changes fill the cup of alteration,
With diuers liquors! O if this were seene,
The happiest youth viewing his progresse through,
What perills past, what crosses to ensue?
Would shut the booke and sit him downe and die:
Tis not ten yeeres gone,
Since Richard and Northumberland great friends,
Did feast together, and in two yeare after,
Were they at warres: it is but eight yeares since,
This Percie was the man neerest my soule,
Who like a brother toyld in my affaires;
And laied his loue and life vnder my foote,
Yea for my sake, euen to the eyes of Richard,
Gaued him defyaunce: but which of you was by?
You cousen Neuel, (as I may remember)
When Richard with his eye-brimme full of teares,
Then cheekt and rated by Northumberland,
Did speake these wordes now proou'd a propheticke:
Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousen Bolingbrooke ascends my throne,
(Though then (God knowes) I had no such intent,
But that necessitie so bowed the state,
That I and greatnesse were compeld to kisse.)
The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time wil come, that foule sin gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption: so went on,
Fortelling this same times condition,

And

Henry the f

And the deuision of our amitie.

War. There is a historie in all
Figuring the natures of the times
The which obseru'd, a man may p
With a neere ayme of the maine c
As yet not come to life, who in the
And weake beginning lie intreatu
Such things become the hatch an
And by the necessary forme of thi
King Richard might create a perfe
That great Northumberland then
Would of that seede growe to a gr
Which should not find a ground
Vnlesse on you.

King. Are these things then
Then let vs meet them like necess
And that same word euen now cr
They say the Bishop and North
Are fiftie thousand strong.

War. It cannot be my Lord,
Rumour doth double like the vo
The numbers of the feared, pleas
To go to bedde: vpon my soule,
The Powers that you alreadie ha
Shall bring this prise in very easil
To comfort you the more, I hau
A certain instance that Glendour
Your Maiestie hath beene this fo
And these vnseasoned howers pe
Vnto your sicknesse.

King. I will take your counsa
And were these inward warres o
We would (deare Lords) vnto th

Enter Iustice Shal

Silen

E